

The Pocahontas Times.

Andrew & Norman Price, Owners.

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"Montani Semper Liberi!"

Andrew Price, Editor

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, JUNE 8, 1899.

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The Fallen of the Fight.

Oh, the story and the glory of the fallen of the fight!
Beneath the drooped flags dreaming
in the laurels and the light!

Is there rumor of the strife now?
Do their bright swords leap to life
now?

Do they hear the far-rolled thunder of
the grim guns in the night?

Oh, the story and the glory of the fallen of the fight!
Does the clamor of the captains reach
their ranks all ghostly white?

Nay—they rest with rusting blades,
All the glory starred brigades,
And the peace of God is on them in
the splendor of the light.

In the peace of God they sleep, while
the battle thunders sweep
Over the echoing oceans where deep
calm leuth unto deep:

Where from stormy sea to sea
Waves the starred flag of the free,
And their comrades armed in Honor,
their vigil-fires keep.

Oh, their story and their glory! Let
the red stripes o'er them wave,
Red as the blood that crimsoned them
—the life-blood that they gave!

Blow, bugles, east and west,
Over their rose-wreathed rest,
And the love of a common country,
like a garland on their grave.

Frank L. Stanton.

XVI.

County Sketches.

THE HOST.

"Do n't forget to stop at the store and tell Mr Gallagher to send up six hams," said Mrs Wilmer Jones to her husband as he was starting for his office one fine morning in May.

"Great Scott, Mary, that'll knock the socks off a twenty-dollar bill! Had n't we better buy them on the installment plan? You know we are not running any accounts now and I am a little short of funds. I might have to protest a store bill before court."

"But with all that company coming we're bound to have some supplies. I was so mortified when Mr Montgomery was here the other day and there was n't a bit of meat in the house and we could n't catch a chicken."

This was an unpleasant reminder for Jones, for he had engaged to shoot a chicken and had accidentally killed the mother of an interesting brood. The orphans were still being reared by hand and were an ever present reproach to the unlucky marksman. So he very hurriedly promised to attend to the supplies and went his way.

Mrs Wilmer Jones was in a good deal of trouble. The sugar barrel, the flour and meal chests were getting empty and she heard the melancholy sound of the scraping of the scoop against the bottom. Her husband never dreamed that such supplies would run out, and knowing that money was scarce with him, she found it very painful to tell him of any new necessity of spending money.

They had been married a few years before. They had exhausted all of their capital in building a house and furnishing it. Jones was a lawyer with cases enough to make him a moderate income and it was only a question of time until he would come to be one of the leading lawyers doing the class of business now in the hands of older men, who had traveled the road he was on. If he could keep his head above water, maintain himself at the county seat, and devote himself to the profession all would be well. The time would come when the men who now conducted the big cases through the devious windings of the courts of law would have lived their appointed time, or sit in the bar paralyzed with age, and leave the work to younger and more vigorous men such as he who had for years been in training for it.

Both Jones and his wife were county people and each had a large connection. They were fond of entertaining their friends and the Jones' became the headquarters for a lot of people when they came to town. It gave the couple the greatest satisfaction to have them with them and they received all with true hospitality, and their name was blessed in a large circle.

Wilmer and Mary both were

reared in the country. The custom they knew was that of the large Virginia plantation where guests came and went continually and where the proprietor gathered around him at every meal family and dependents and all strangers who cared to share in the glorious plenty of the homestead. So it had been at Wilmer's home and at Mary's. The fields and flocks furnished the house and the lord of the manor never felt the expense of supplying his large establishment.

What he did not care to eat he sold.

Wilmer Jones and Mary Appleton, educated at modern schools and acquainted with narrower and more modern ideals in entertaining, were of the old stock and when they went to live in town their latchstring was always on the outside and every comer was made welcome.

But there are many things a man would like to do which he can not afford, and when bread and meat became a matter of money with the young lawyer, his wife realized that they were maintaining a too expensive establishment.

She knew that time was long with her husband, that he was playing for a big stake that would take years to win, and she said that, he must be kept free from the handicap of debt. She was more than willing to stand by him and live on bread and water. That would have been comparatively easy. It was thousand times harder to make the uninited guest do the same. So up to the time of which we write the table at the Jones' was bountifully spread when a guest was present, and there was no suggestion that he was causing the hostess any special trouble. He was made to believe that he was permitted to share in the comforts of a home to which he naturally belonged. We take it that this is the essence of hospitality.

The day when Wilmer had by his mental arithmetic made Mary realize the money value of Virginia hams, she set herself to thinking about the situation. She knew they were spending more than they made, and that is very menacing to the peace of future years. She knew that it was not in her, or Wilmer either, to entertain guests shabbily and that it would not do to appear poverty-stricken. She conceived a most brilliant scheme, which worked successfully, and which we have deemed it expedient to expose.

The idea was laid before Wilmer and the conspirators plotted.

"Next Monday a whole gang will be in to stay all night for the County Court which begins Tuesday. Seems to me that we are liable to draw a house with which we can make the hit of the season.

We will make Biggs and his wife come up and assist in the theatricals, and that darky school teacher who waited at the springs last summer will be the very fellow to dazzle their eyes, and your wedding presents will make an awful glitter if they are well placed."

On Monday evening as the sun was going down Uncle Jimmy Romaine rode into the village and looked sourly at the many inviting hotel signs which barred his path. He had calculated to stay with Wilmer Jones, and had reflected that some forty years before that young lawyer's grandfather had stopped with him, and it was then the call was returned. He rode to the pretty cottage where the Joneses lived and hitching his horse to the palings, threw his saddle pockets over his arm, marched up to the front door and made an alarm by knocking on the panel with his pocket-knife, not using the bell which had been placed at the door for his convenience.

The door swung open grandly, and that latterday exquisite, the town-bred darky, was standing with an exaggerated expression of respectful attention.

"This whar Wilmer Jones lives?"

"It is, sah."

"Is he in the house?"

"Cahd, sah?" asked the waiter, presenting a silver salver.

Uncle Jimmy leaned against the

door-post and said impressively:

"I ast ye a civil question and I expect a civil answer. Is the proprietor at home?"

"Gimme yah cahd, sah, and I will inquire within, sah."

"But I aint got no card to give ye. What sort of a card do I be to hev?"

"A cahd with your name on it, sah."

"Oh, all right. I did n't understand." Uncle Jimmy after search found a much-worn postal-card addressed to himself which he deposited on the salver with sufficient dignity and soon after was ushered in where the waiter made him very uncomfortable by placing a chair under him. In the handsome room were three other candidates for degrees in good society, more or less depressed over their experience in working their in.

Soon afterwards Wilmer and Mary came in dressed in evening clothes. Wilmer had vast expanse of shirt-front and Mary's dress was disconcertingly low in the neck. They gave their guests a cordial reception, but the poor people seemed somewhat uncomfortable.

Mr and Mrs Biggs came in suitably attired and added to the confusion. The dreadful waiter appeared and gracefully announced that "dinner was served." Uncle Jimmy and his cohorts had eaten a meal by that name at the middle of the day, and that or something else took their appetite. We can not go into the details of the affair. On that occasion the Joneses served a five course dinner in nearly two hours, and the terrible waiter in a white apron waited upon them in a faultless manner. Mary took on a society lisp. Wilmer talked about the "apotheosis of the millionaire." Biggs and lady enjoyed the splendid meal. Mary could not cook a poor meal to save her life. Uncle Jimmy had a time with his soup, and when the waiter presented him a finger-bowl he said he woud n't "choose anything more to drink."

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